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# ORIGINAL TUNES

BY

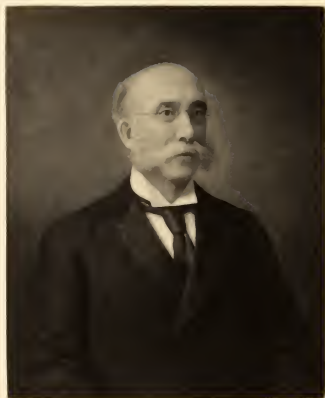
J. W. ALFRED CLUETT.



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THE RIGHTEOUS LIVE FOR EVERMORE; THEIR REWARD ALSO IS WITH  
THE LORD, AND THE CARE OF THEM IS WITH THE MOST HIGH.

# HYMNS

WITH ORIGINAL TUNES

BY

J. W. ALFRED CLUETT

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1904

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## **In Memoriam.**

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J. W. Alfred Cluett, of Troy, N.Y., was born at Wolverhampton, England, on June the tenth, eighteen hundred and thirty-four, and passed away from this life on June the second, eighteen hundred and ninety-nine.



## PREFACE.

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THE hymn tunes contained in this book have been collected, and arranged in the present form, by Louise Cluett Cowee, from the original manuscript compositions of J. W. Alfred Cluett, and are now published by his wife and daughters in affectionate remembrance of him and in recognition of his love for, and interest in, church music, ancient and modern. Among these tunes are several which have been previously published in the Rev. Dr. J. Ireland Tucker's Hymnal, in the Rev. Dr. George W. Shinn's Prayer Book and Hymnal, and in sheet music form. Grateful acknowledgment is here made to the publishers of those Hymnals; to Messrs. Cluett and Sons, and H. S. Gordon, for their courtesy in giving permission to use such tunes.

ELIZABETH BONTECOU CLUETT.  
JESSIE CLUETT BARTON.  
LOUISE CLUETT COWEE.

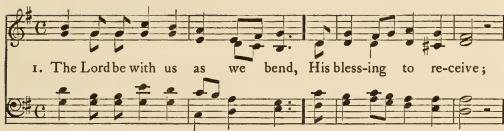
ALL SAINTS, 1904



# HYMNS.

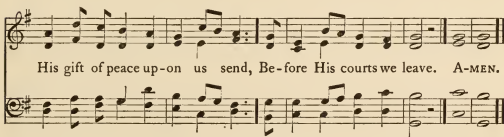
## The Lord Be with Us.

J. W. A. CLUETT.



1. The Lord be with us as we bend, His blessing to receive;

The musical notation for the first line of the hymn is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.



His gift of peace upon us send, Before His courts we leave. A-MEN.

The musical notation for the second line of the hymn is in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

2 The Lord be with us as we walk  
Along our homeward road;  
In silent thought, or friendly talk  
Our hearts be still with God.

3 The Lord be with us till the night  
Shall close the day of rest;  
Be He of every heart the light,  
Of every home the Guest.

4 And when our nightly prayers we say,  
His watch He still shall keep,  
Grown with His grace His own blest day  
And guard His people's sleep.

## Abide with Me.

10. 10. 10. 10.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. A - bide with me; fast falls the e - ven - tide; The

The first system of musical notation for the song 'Abide with Me'. It consists of a treble and a bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a 2/2 time signature. The melody begins with a half note G2, followed by a half note F2, then a half note E2, and a half note D2. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

darkness deepens; Lord, with me a-bide; When oth - er help - ers fail, and

The second system of musical notation. The treble staff continues the melody with a half note C2, then a half note B1, and a half note A1. The bass staff continues the accompaniment.

comforts flee, Help of the help-less, O a - bide with me. A-MEN.

The third system of musical notation, which concludes the piece. The treble staff ends with a half note G1, and the bass staff ends with a half note F1. The system concludes with a double bar line.

- 2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O Thou who changest not, abide with me.
- 3 I need Thy presence every passing hour;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

### Abide with Me.

- 4 I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;  
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;  
 Where is death's sting ? Where, grave, thy victory ?  
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.
- 5 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes ;  
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;  
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;  
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. AMEN.

### Come, Holy Ghost, Creator, Come.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

I. Come, Ho-ly Ghost, Cre - a - tor, come, In-spire these souls of Thine;

Till ev'ry heart which Thou hast made Be filled with grace di-vine. A-MEN.

- |                                                                                                                                             |                                                                                                                                       |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift<br>Of God, and fire of love ;<br>The everlasting spring of joy,<br>And unction from above.               | 4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they<br>Thy sacred love embrace ;<br>Assist our minds, by nature frail,<br>With Thy celestial grace. |
| 3 Thy gifts are manifold, Thou writ'st<br>God's law in each true heart ;<br>The promise of the Father, Thou<br>Dost heavenly speech impart. | 5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,<br>And give us peace within ;<br>That, by Thy guidance blest, we may<br>Escape the snares of sin. |
| 6 Teach us the Father to confess,<br>And Son, from death revived,<br>And Thee, with both, O Holy Ghost,<br>Who art from both derived. AMEN. |                                                                                                                                       |

# Walter.

S. M.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - iour dear, . . It is not  
 night if Thou . be near ; Oh, may no earth - born cloud a -  
 rise . . To hide Thee from Thy ser - vant's eyes. A - MEN.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
 My weary eyelids gently steep,  
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
 Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
 For without Thee I cannot live ;  
 Abide with me when night is nigh,  
 For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
 Have spurned to-day the voice divine,

Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;  
 Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor  
 With blessings from Thy boundless  
 store ;

Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,  
 Ere through the world our way we take,  
 Till in the ocean of Thy love  
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.



# Ida Hill.

7s.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on my  
sight a - way; Free from care, from la - bor free,  
Lord, I would com - mune with Thee. A - MEN.

2 Thou whose all-pervading eye,  
Naught escapes, without, within,  
Pardon each infirmity,  
Open fault, and secret sin.

3 Thou who, sinless, yet hast known  
All of man's infirmity;  
Then, from Thine eternal throne,  
Jesus, look with pitying eye.

4 Soon, for me, the light of day  
Shall for ever pass away;  
Then, from sin and sorrow free,  
Take me, Lord, to dwell with Thee.

# Tyndale.

8. 7.


J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n, to  
earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing,  
All Thy faith - ful mer - cies . . crown. A - MEN.

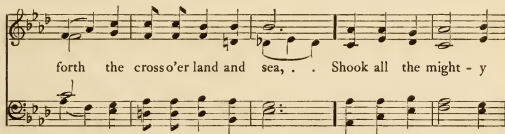
- |   |                                                                                                                                   |                                                                                                                                                    |
|---|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 | Jesus, Thou art all compassion,<br>Pure, unbounded love Thou art;<br>Visit us with Thy salvation,<br>Enter every trembling heart. | Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing;<br>Glory in Thy perfect love.                                                                               |
| 3 | Come, almighty to deliver,<br>Let us all Thy life receive;<br>Come to us, dear Lord, and never,<br>Never more Thy temples leave.  | 5 Finish then Thy new creation,<br>Pure and spotless let us be:<br>Let us see our whole salvation,<br>Perfectly secured in Thee:                   |
| 4 | Thee we would be always blessing;<br>Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;                                                               | 6 Changed from glory into glory,<br>Till in heaven we take our place:<br>Till we cast our crowns before Thee,<br>Lost in wonder, love, and praise. |

# For the Apostles' Glorious Company.

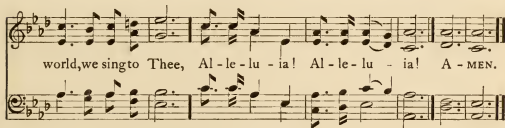
J. W. A. CLUETT.



1. For the A - pos - tles' glo - rious com - pa - ny, Who, bear-ing



forth the cross'er land and sea, . . . Shook all the might - y



world, we sing to Thee, Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

2 For the Evangelists, by whose blest word,  
Like four-fold streams, the garden of the Lord  
Is fair and fruitful, be Thy Name adored.  
Alleluia! Alleluia!

3 For Martyrs, who, with rapture-kindled eye,  
Saw the bright crown descending from the sky,  
And died to grasp it, Thee we glorify.  
Alleluia! Alleluia! AMEN.

# Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise.

108.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

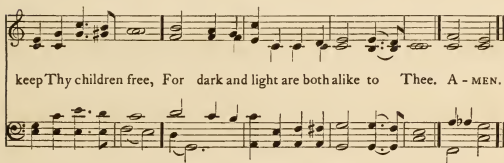
1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -

cord our part - ing hymn of praise ; We stand to bless Thee

ere our wor-ship cease ; Then, low - ly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace thro' this approach-ing night, Turn Thou for

Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise.



- 2 Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;  
With Thee began, with Thee shall end the day;  
Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
That in this house have called upon Thy name.  
Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;  
Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
Call us, O Lord, to Thine eternal peace.

# Lord, with Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee.

8. 7.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise Thee For the

The first line of the hymn is written in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "1. Lord, with glow - ing heart I'd praise Thee For the".

bliss Thy love be - stows, For the par - d'ning

The second line of the hymn continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "bliss Thy love be - stows, For the par - d'ning".

grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows.

The third line of the hymn continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "grace that saves me, And the peace that from it flows."

Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull

The fourth line of the hymn continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Help, O God, my weak en - deav - or; This dull".

# Lord, with Glowing Heart I'd Praise Thee.

The musical score is written for a two-part setting, likely Soprano and Alto. It is in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a mix of half and quarter notes. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The first system covers the lyrics 'soul to rap - ture raise : . . Thou must light the'. The second system covers 'flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise. A-MEN.' The piece concludes with a double bar line.

soul to rap - ture raise : . . Thou must light the

flame, or nev - er Can my love be warmed to praise. A-MEN.

- 2 Praise, my soul, the God that sought thee,  
 Wretched wanderer, far astray ;  
 Found thee lost, and kindly brought thee  
 From the paths of death away ;  
 Praise, with love's devoutest feeling,  
 Him who saw thy guilt-born fear,  
 And, the light of hope revealing,  
 Bade the blood-stained cross appear.
- 3 Lord, this bosom's ardent feeling  
 Vainly would my lips express :  
 Low before Thy footstool kneeling,  
 Deign Thy suppliant's prayer to bless :  
 Let Thy grace, my soul's chief treasure,  
 Love's pure flame within me raise ;  
 And, since words can never measure,  
 Let my life show forth Thy praise.

## Azure.

P. M.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. E'en tho' it

be a cross, That rais-eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my

God, to Thee, Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee. A-MEN.

2 Though like a wanderer,  
Weary and lone,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My rest a stone;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

3 There let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

4 Then with my waking thoughts  
Bright with Thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Altars I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.

5 Or if on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be  
Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee.



# St. Andrew.

8. 7.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Je - sus calls us ; o'er the tu-mult Of our life's wild, restless sea,

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, follow Me:" AMEN.

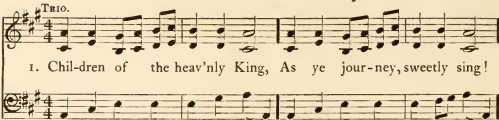
- |                                                                                                                                                    |                                                                                                                                                           |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 As of old, Saint Andrew heard it<br>By the Galilean lake,<br>Turned from home, and toil, and kin-<br>dred,<br>Leaving all for His dear sake.     | 4 In our joys and in our sorrows,<br>Days of toil and hours of ease,<br>Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,<br>"That we love Him more than<br>these." |
| 3 Jesus calls us from the worship<br>Of the vain world's golden store;<br>From each idol that would keep us,<br>Saying, "Christian, love Me more." | 5 Jesus calls us : by Thy mercies,<br>Saviour, make us hear Thy call,<br>Give our hearts to Thine obedience,<br>Serve and love Thee best of all.          |

## Children of the Heavenly King.

7s.

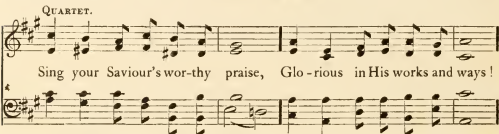
J. W. A. CLUETT.

**TRIO.**

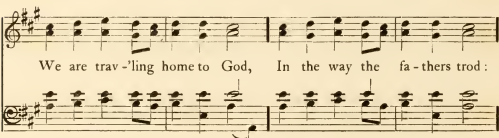


1. Chil-dren of the heav'nly King, As ye jour-ney, sweetly sing!

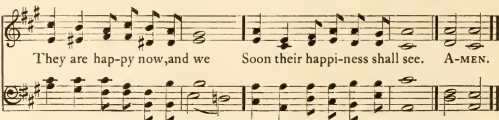
**QUARTET.**



Sing your Saviour's wor-thy praise, Glo-rious in His works and ways!



We are trav-'ling home to God, In the way the fa-thers trod:



They are hap-py now, and we Soon their happi-ness shall sec. A-MEN.

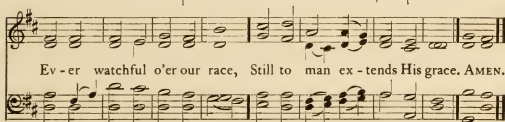
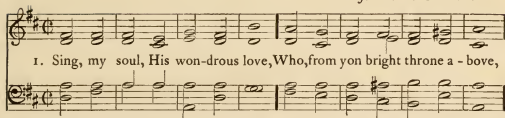
## Children of the Heavenly King.

- 2 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light !  
 Sion's city is in sight :  
 There our endless home shall be,  
 There our Lord we soon shall see.  
 Lord, obediently we go,  
 Gladly leaving all below ;  
 Only Thou our Leader be,  
 And we still will follow Thee.

## Wentworth.

7s.

J. W. A. CLUETT.



- 2 Heaven and earth by Him were made; 3 God, the merciful and good,  
 All is by His sceptre swayed; Bought us with the Saviour's blood;  
 What are we that He should show And, to make our safety sure,  
 So much love to us below? Guides us by His Spirit pure.
- 4 Sing, my soul, adore His Name !  
 Let His glory be thy theme :  
 Praise Him till He calls thee home ;  
 Trust His love for all to come.

# Kimball.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Like trumpet notes of joy, Let songs of praise arise, Glad hearts and tongues em-

ploy, To wake the sounding skies. For Christ makes children heirs of heav'n, E-

ter-nal life to us is giv'n, E-ter-nal life to us is giv'n. A-MEN.

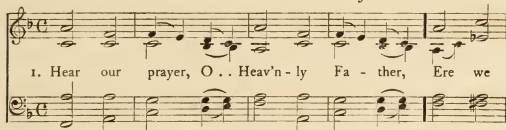
2 O for a gladsome voice  
To sing His grace and truth,  
Our hearts and souls rejoice,  
For He has blessed our youth.  
His blood has washed our sins away,  
His love turns midnight into day.

3 Let golden glory fade,  
Let earthly store decay;  
Love has our ransom paid,  
And Christ is ours alway.  
Oh, let us live for Him alone,  
He never can forsake His own.

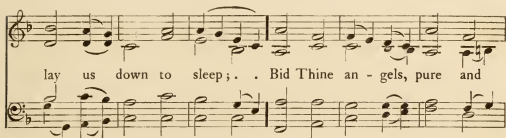
# Hear Our Prayer, O Heavenly Father.

8. 7.

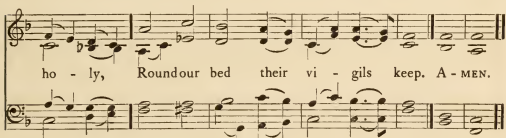
J. W. A. CLUETT.



1. Hear our prayer, O . . Heav'n - ly Fa - ther, Ere we



lay us down to sleep ; . . Bid Thine an - gels, pure and



ho - ly, Roundour bed their vi - gils keep. A - MEN.

- |                                       |                                       |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 2 Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy    | 4 None can measure out Thy patience   |
| Far outweighs them every one ;        | By the span of human thought ;        |
| Down before the cross we cast them,   | None can bound the tender mercies     |
| Trusting in Thy help alone.           | Which Thy holy Son has bought.        |
| 3 Keep us through this night of peril | 5 Pardon all our past transgressions, |
| Safe beneath its sheltering shade ;   | Give us strength for days to come ;   |
| Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,    | Guide and guard us with Thy blessing, |
| When our pilgrimage is made.          | Till thine angels bear us home.       |

## Sweet the Moments, Rich in Blessing.

8. 7.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which be-fore the cross I spend ;

Life and health and peace pos-sess-ing Thro' the sin-ner's dy - ing friend.

Here I kneel in won-der, viewing Mer-cy poured in streams of blood ;

Precious drops, for pardon suing, Make and plead my peace with God. A - MEN.

### Sweet the Moments, Rich in Blessing.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Truly blessed is the station,<br/>         Low before His cross to lie,<br/>         While I see divine compassion<br/>         Pleading in His dying eye.<br/>         Here I find my hope of heaven,<br/>         While upon the Lamb I gaze;<br/>         Loving much, and much forgiven,<br/>         Let my heart o'erflow with praise.</p> | <p>3 Lord, in loving contemplation<br/>         Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,<br/>         Till I taste Thy full salvation,<br/>         And Thine unveiled glories see.<br/>         For Thy sorrows I adore Thee, [peace;<br/>         For the griefs that wrought our<br/>         Gracious Saviour, I implore Thee,<br/>         In my heart Thy love increase.</p> |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

### Jesu, Still Lead On.

5. 5. 8. 8. 5. 5.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Je-su, still lead on, Till our rest be won; And, although the way be cheerless,  
 We will follow calm and fearless; Guide us by Thy hand, To our Fatherland. A-MEN.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 If the way be drear,<br/>         If the foe be near,<br/>         Let not faithless fears o'ertake us,<br/>         Let not faith and hope forsake us;<br/>         For through many a woe<br/>         To our home we go.</p> | <p>3 When we seek relief<br/>         From a long-felt grief:<br/>         When temptations come alluring,<br/>         Make us patient and enduring;<br/>         Show us that bright shore<br/>         Where we weep no more.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

- 4 Jesu, still lead on,  
 Till our rest be won:  
 Heavenly Leader, still direct us,  
 Still support, console, protect us,  
 Till we safely stand  
 In our Fatherland.

## Ecce Homo.

6. 8.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Would Je - sus have the sin - ner die?

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The melody begins with a quarter note G, followed by a half note A, and then a quarter note B. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand.

Why hangs He then . . . on yon - der tree?

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The vocal line has a dotted half note G, followed by a quarter note A, and then a quarter note B. The piano accompaniment continues with its rhythmic pattern, including some chordal textures.

What means that strange ex - pir - - ing cry?

The third system features a vocal melody with a dotted half note G, followed by a quarter note A, and then a quarter note B. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and a moving bass line.

Sin - ners, He prays for you and me, . .

The final system on the page shows the vocal melody with a dotted half note G, followed by a quarter note A, and then a quarter note B. The piano accompaniment concludes the phrase with sustained chords.



## Ecce Homo.

For - give them, Fa - ther, O for - give!

They know not that by Me they live. A - MEN.

- 2 Jesus, descended from above,  
     Our loss of Eden to retrieve,  
     Great God of universal love,  
     If all the world through Thee may live,  
     In us a quickening spirit be,  
     And witness Thou hast died for me.
- 3 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,—  
     Thee by thy painful agony,  
     Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and shame,  
     Thy cross and passion on the tree,  
     Thy precious death and life—I pray,  
     Take all, take all my sins away.
- 4 O let Thy love my heart constrain,—  
     Thy love, for every sinner free,—  
     That every fallen son of man  
         May taste the grace that found out me;  
     That all mankind with me may prove  
     Thy sov'reign, everlasting love.

# Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

7s.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly, While the near-er

waters roll, While the tempest still is high : Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of

life be past; Safe in-to the haven guide, Oh, receive my soul at last! AMEN.

2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me:  
All my trust on Thee is stayed;  
All my help from Thee I bring;  
Cover my defenseless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,  
Grace to cleanse from every sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within:  
Thou of life the fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee:  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

## Malcolm.

8. 7.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. { Sav-iour, source of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to grateful lays :  
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for cease-less songs of praise.

Teach me some me-lo - dious meas-ure, Sung by raptured saints a - bove ; .

Fill my soul with sacred pleasure, While I sing re-deeming love. A-MEN.

- 3 Thou didst seek me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God ;  
Thou, to save my soul from danger,  
Didst redeem me with Thy blood.  
By Thy hand restored, defended,  
Safe through life thus far I've come ;  
Safe, O Lord, when life is ended,  
Bring me to my heavenly home.

# Emily.

8s.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Sweet Sav - iour, bless . . us ere we go; . .

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/2 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody in the treble staff begins with a half note G, followed by a half note A, then a half note B, and a half note C. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords.

Thy word in - to our minds in - stil; And make our luke - warm

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a half note D, followed by a half note E, then a half note F, and a half note G. The bass staff continues with harmonic support.

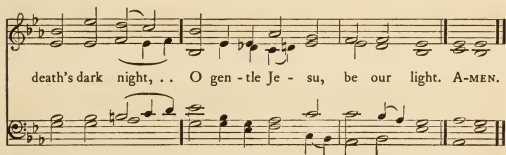
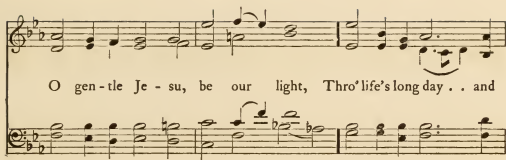
hearts to glow . . With low - ly love and fer - vent will.

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a half note A, followed by a half note B, then a half note C, and a half note D. The bass staff continues with harmonic support.

Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, . .

The fourth system concludes the melody and accompaniment. The treble staff features a half note E, followed by a half note F, then a half note G, and a half note A. The bass staff continues with harmonic support.

# Emily.

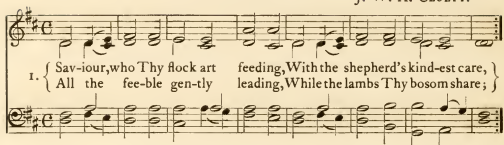


- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 The day is gone, its hours have run,<br/>And Thou has taken count of all,<br/>The scanty triumphs grace hath won,<br/>The broken vow, the frequent fall.<br/>Through life's long day and death's<br/>dark night,<br/>O gentle Jesu, be our light.</p> | <p>4 For all we love, the poor, the sad,<br/>The sinful, unto Thee we call;<br/>Oh, let Thy mercy make us glad;<br/>Thou art our Saviour, and our all.<br/>Through life's long day and death's<br/>dark night,<br/>O gentle Jesu, be our light.</p>                |
| <p>3 Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways<br/>True absolution and release;<br/>And bless us, more than in past days,<br/>With purity and inward peace.<br/>Through life's long day and death's<br/>dark night,<br/>O gentle Jesu, be our light.</p>         | <p>5 Sweet Saviour, bless us; night is come;<br/>Through night and darkness near<br/>us be;<br/>Good angels watch about our home,<br/>And we are one day nearer Thee.<br/>Through life's long day and death's<br/>dark night,<br/>O gentle Jesu, be our light.</p> |

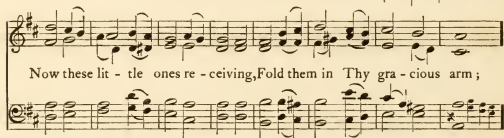
# Saviour, Who Thy Flock art Feeding.

8. 7.

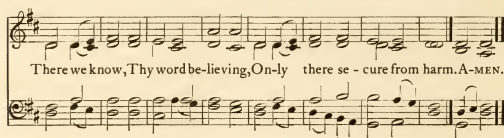
J. W. A. CLUETT.



1. { Sav-iour, who Thy flock art feeding, With the shepherd's kind-est care, }  
 { All the fee-ble gen-tly leading, While the lambs Thy bosom share; }



Now these lit - tle ones re - ceiving, Fold them in Thy gra - cious arm ;



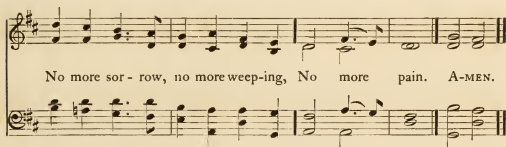
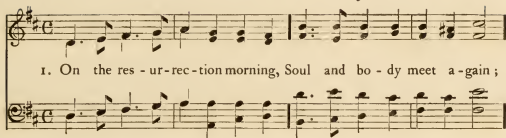
There we know, Thy word be-lieving, On-ly there se - cure from harm. A-MEN.

- 2 Never from Thy pasture roving  
 Let them be the lion's prey ;  
 Let Thy tenderness, so loving,  
 Keep them all life's dangerous way.  
 Then, within Thy fold eternal,  
 Let them find a resting-place ;  
 Feed in pastures ever vernal,  
 Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

# On the Resurrection Morning.

8. 7. 8. 3.

J. W. A. CLUETT.



- |                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                           |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 2 Here awhile they must be parted,<br>And the flesh its sabbath keep,<br>Waiting in a holy stillness,<br>Wrapt in sleep.     | Waking up in Christ's own likeness,<br>Satisfied.                                                                                         |
| 3 For a space the tired body<br>Lies with feet toward the dawn ;<br>Till there breaks the last and brightest<br>Easter morn. | 6 Oh, the beauty, oh, the gladness<br>Of that resurrection-day !<br>Which shall not, through endless ages,<br>Pass away !                 |
| 4 But the soul in contemplation<br>Utters earnest prayer and strong ;<br>Breaking at the resurrection<br>Into song.          | 7 On that happy Easter morning<br>All the graves their dead restore,<br>Father, sister, child and mother,<br>Meet once more.              |
| 5 Soul and body reunited,<br>Thenceforth nothing shall divide,                                                               | 8 To that brightest of all meetings<br>Bring us, Jesus Christ, at last ;<br>To Thy cross, through death and<br>judgment,<br>Holding fast. |

## Cornelius.

6. 5.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, Marching as to war,

The first system of music is in 4/4 time with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#). It consists of a vocal melody in the treble clef and a piano accompaniment in the bass clef. The lyrics are '1. On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers, Marching as to war,'.

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are 'With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore!'.

Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are 'Christ, the roy - al Mas - ter Leads a - gainst the foe;'.

For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go. . .

The fourth system concludes the piece. The lyrics are 'For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His ban - ners go. . .'. The music ends with a final chord in the piano part.



# Cornelius.

On-ward, Chris-tian sol - diers, Marching as to war, . . .

With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore! A - MEN.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 At the sign of triumph<br/>Satan's host doth flee;<br/>On, then, Christian soldiers,<br/>On to victory!<br/>Hell's foundations quiver<br/>At the shout of praise;<br/>Brothers, lift your voices,<br/>Loud your anthems raise!<br/>Onward, etc.</p> | <p>4 Crowns and thrones may perish,<br/>Kingdoms rise and wane,<br/>But the Church of Jesus<br/>Constant will remain;<br/>Gates of hell can never<br/>'Gainst that Church prevail;<br/>We have Christ's own promise,<br/>And that cannot fail.<br/>Onward, etc.</p> |
| <p>3 Like a mighty army<br/>Moves the Church of God;<br/>Brothers, we are treading<br/>Where the saints have trod;<br/>We are not divided,<br/>All one Body we,<br/>One in hope and doctrine,<br/>One in charity.<br/>Onward, etc.</p>                   | <p>5 Onward, then, ye people!<br/>Join our happy throng!<br/>Blend with ours your voices<br/>In the triumph song!<br/>Glory, laud, and honor,<br/>Unto Christ the King;<br/>This through countless ages<br/>Men and angels sing.<br/>Onward, etc.</p>               |

# Brownson.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n a - gain, Christ hath bro - ken

ev - 'ry chain; Hark! an - gel - ic voi - ces cry,

Sing-ing ev - er - more on high, Al - le - lu - ia! A-MEN.

- 2 He who gave for us His life,  
Who for us endured the strife,  
Is our Paschal Lamb today,  
We, too, sing for joy and say,  
Alleluia!
- 3 He who bore all pain and loss,  
Comfortless upon the cross,  
Lives in glory now on high,  
Pleads for us, and hears our cry,  
Alleluia!

- 4 He who slumbered in the grave  
Is exalted now to save;  
Now through Christendom it rings  
That the Lamb is King of kings.  
Alleluia!
- 5 Thou our Paschal Lamb indeed,  
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed;  
Take our sins and guilt away,  
Let us sing by night and day,  
Alleluia!

# Awake, Ye Saints, Awake.

6s.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. A - wake, ye saints, a - wake, And hail this sa - cred day;

In loft - iest songs of praise Your joy - ful hom - age pay;

Welcome the day that God hath blest, The type of heav'n's e - ter - nal rest. AMEN.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 On this auspicious morn<br/>The Lord of life arose!<br/>He burst the bars of death,<br/>And vanquished all our foes:<br/>And now He pleads our cause above, 4<br/>And reaps the fruits of all His love.</p> | <p>And earth, in humbler strains,<br/>Thy praise responsive sings:<br/>Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,<br/>Thro' endless years to live and reign.<br/>Great King, gird on Thy sword,<br/>Ascend Thy conquering car;<br/>While justice, truth, and love<br/>Maintain Thy glorious war:<br/>This day let sinners own Thy sway,<br/>And rebels cast their arms away.</p> |
| <p>3 All hail, triumphant Lord!<br/>Heav'n with hosannas rings,</p>                                                                                                                                              |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            |

# Lo! the Voice of Jesus.

6. 5.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Lo! the voice of Je - sus Fond-ly speaks to all: He it is who,

frees us From sin's bit - ter thrall; He it is whose na - ture,

Human as our own, Pleads for ev-'ry creature, By the Father's throne. A-MEN.

2 Lo! the voice of Jesus,  
Heard within the breast,  
Tells us He will ease us,  
Howsoe'er distrest:  
Tells us that our sorrow  
For the night may last,  
But a glad to-morrow  
Breaks upon us fast.

3 Lo! the voice of Jesus  
Bids us still endure:  
Seek not what will please us,  
But things just and pure;  
Strive through self-denial  
Upwards to the light,  
Where faith's years of trial  
Shall be lost in sight.

## Through the Day Thy Love Has Spared Us.

8. 7. 8. 7. 7. 7.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Thro' the day Thy love has spared us; Hear us ere the hour of rest;

Thro' the si-lent watch-es guard us, Let no foe our peace mo-lest.

Je-sus, Thou our guardian be; Sweet it is to trust in Thee. A-MEN.

- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
Dwelling in the midst of foes;  
Us and ours preserve from dangers;  
In Thine arms may we repose;  
And, when life's short day is past,  
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

## Frederick.

8. 7.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Thro' the night of doubt and sor - row Onward goes the pil - grim band,

*Ped.*

The first system of music is in G major (one sharp) and 3/2 time. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. A 'Ped.' (pedal) marking is present under the bass staff.

Sing - ing songs of ex - pec - ta - tion, Marching to the promised land.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The bass staff has a 'Ped.' marking at the end of the system.

Clear be - fore us thro' the darkness Gleams and burns the guiding light :

The third system continues the melody and accompaniment. The bass staff has a 'Ped.' marking at the end of the system.

Brother clasps the hand of brother, Stepping fear - less thro' the night. A - MEN.

The fourth system concludes the piece with a double bar line. The bass staff has a 'Ped.' marking at the end of the system.

## Frederick.

- 2 One, the light of God's own presence,  
O'er His ransomed people shed,  
Chasing far the gloom and terror,  
Brightening all the path we tread :  
One, the object of our journey,  
One, the faith which never tires,  
One, the earnest looking forward,  
One, the hope our God inspires.
- 3 One, the strain the lips of thousands  
Lift as from the heart of one;  
One the conflict, one the peril,  
One, the march in God begun :
- 4 One, the gladness of rejoicing  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the One Almighty Father  
Reigns in love for evermore.
- 4 Onward, therefore, pilgrim brothers !  
Onward, with the Cross our aid !  
Bear its shame, and fight its battle,  
Till we rest beneath its shade !  
Soon shall come the great awaking,  
Soon the rending of the tomb ;  
Then, the scattering of all shadows,  
And the end of toil and gloom !

## Dedication.

C. M.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall,  
Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied Who died to save us all. A-MEN.

- 2 We may not know, we cannot tell, 4 There was no other good enough  
What pains He had to bear, To pay the price of sin,  
But we believe it, was for us He only could unlock the gate  
He hung and suffered there. Of heaven, and let us in.
- 3 He died that we might be forgiven, 5 Oh, dearly, dearly has He loved !  
He died to make us good, And we must love Him too,  
That we might go at last to heaven, And trust in His redeeming blood,  
Saved by His precious blood. 43 And try His works to do.

# Pleasant are Thy Courts Above.

8. 7.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Pleas-ant are Thy courts a - bove In the land of life and love;

Pleas-ant are Thy courts be - low In this land of sin and woe.

Oh, my spir - it longs and faints For the con-verse of Thy saints,

*rit.*  
For the brightness of Thy face, For Thy full - ness, God of grace! A-MEN.



## Pleasant are Thy Courts Above.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Happy birds that sing and fly<br/>         Round Thy altars, O Most High :<br/>         Happier souls that find a rest<br/>         In a heavenly Father's breast !<br/>         Like the wandering dove, that found<br/>         No repose on earth around,<br/>         They can to their ark repair<br/>         And enjoy it ever there.</p> <p>3 Happy souls ! their praises flow<br/>         Ever in this vale of woe ;<br/>         Waters in the desert rise,<br/>         Manna feeds them from the skies :</p> | <p>On they go from strength to strength<br/>         Till they reach Thy throne at length,<br/>         At Thy feet adoring fall,<br/>         Who hast led them safe through all.</p> <p>4 Lord, be mine this prize to win ;<br/>         Guide me through a world of sin ;<br/>         Keep me by Thy saving grace ;<br/>         Give me at Thy side a place.<br/>         Sun and shield alike Thou art ;<br/>         Guide and guard my erring heart.<br/>         Grace and glory flow from Thee ;<br/>         Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me !</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

## Oft in Danger, Oft in Woe.

7s.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Oft in dan - ger, oft in woe, On-ward, Christians, onward go :

Fight the fight, maintain the strife, Strengthened with the Bread of Life. AMEN.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Let your drooping hearts be glad :<br/>         March in heavenly armor clad :<br/>         Fight, nor think the battle long,<br/>         Soon shall victory tune your song.</p> <p>3 Let not sorrow dim your eye,<br/>         Soon shall every tear be dry ;</p> | <p>Let not fears your course impede,<br/>         Great your strength, if great your need.</p> <p>4 Onward then to battle move,<br/>         More than conquerors ye shall prove ;<br/>         Though opposed by many a foe,<br/>         Christian soldiers, onward go.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

45

# Love Divine.

8. 8. 6. 8. 8. 6.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. O Love divine, how sweet Thou art! When shall I find my willing heart

All taken up by Thee? I thirst, I faint, I die to prove The greatness of re-

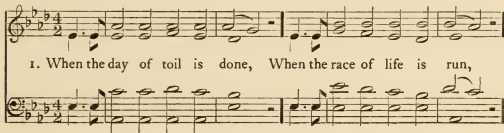
deeming love, The love of Christ to me, The love of Christ to me. AMEN.

- |                                    |                                       |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 2 God only knows the love of God ; | My only care, delight and bliss       |
| O that it now were shed abroad     | My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,  |
| In this poor stony heart ;         | To hear the Bridegroom's voice.       |
| For love I sigh, for love I pine,  |                                       |
| This only portion, Lord, be mine : | 4 O that I could with favour'd John   |
| Be mine, this better part.         | Recline my weary head upon            |
|                                    | The dear Redeemer's breast ;          |
| 3 O that I could forever sit       | From care, and sin, and sorrows free, |
| With Mary at the Master's feet !   | Give me, O Lord, to find in Thee      |
| Be this my happy choice ; —        | My everlasting rest.                  |

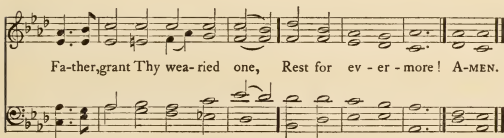
# When the Day of Toil is Done.

7. 7. 7. 5.

J. W. A. CLUETT.



1. When the day of toil is done, When the race of life is run,



Fa-ther, grant Thy wea-ried one, Rest for ev - er - more! A-MEN.

2 When the strife of sin is stilled,  
When the foe within is killed,  
Be Thy gracious word fulfilled,  
Peace for evermore!

4 When the heart, by sorrow tried,  
Feels at length its throbs subside,  
Bring us, where all tears are dried,  
Joy for evermore!

3 When the darkness melts away  
At the breaking of Thy Day,  
Bid us hail the cheering ray:—  
Light for evermore!

5 When for vanished days we yearn,  
Days that never can return,  
Teach us in Thy love to learn  
Love for evermore!

6 When the breath of life is flown,  
When the grave must claim its own,  
Lord of Life! be ours Thy crown—  
Life for evermore!

# Angels, from Your Realms of Glory.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Hughes.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. An-gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth,

The first system of musical notation for the hymn. It consists of a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Ye who sang cre - a-tion's sto - ry, Now pro-claim Mes - si - ah's birth :

The second system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Come and wor-ship, Come and wor-ship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.

The third system of musical notation. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

Come and worship, Come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King. A-MEN.

The fourth system of musical notation. It concludes the hymn with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The word "rit." is written above the treble staff, indicating a ritardando.

## Angels, from Your Realms of Glory.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,<br/>         Watching o'er your flocks by night,<br/>         God with man is now residing,<br/>         Yonder shines the infant-light:<br/>         Come and worship,—<br/>         Worship Christ, the new-born King.</p> <p>3 Sages, leave your contemplations,—<br/>         Brighter visions beam afar;<br/>         Seek the great Desire of nations;</p> | <p>Ye have seen His natal star:<br/>         Come and worship,—<br/>         Worship Christ, the new-born King.</p> <p>4 Saints, before the altar bending,<br/>         Watching long in hope and fear,<br/>         Suddenly the Lord, descending,<br/>         In His temple shall appear:<br/>         Come and worship,—<br/>         Worship Christ, the new-born King.</p> |
|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|

## While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

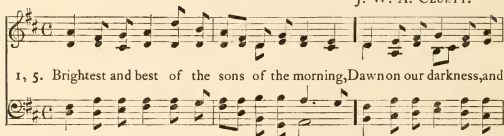
1. While shepherds watch'd their flocks by night, All seat - ed on the ground,  
 The an - gel of the Lord came down, And glo-ry shone a - round. A-MEN.

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                |                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <p>2 "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread<br/>         Had seized their troubled mind,<br/>         "Glad tidings of great joy I bring<br/>         To you and all mankind.</p> <p>3 "To you in David's town this day,<br/>         Is born of David's line,<br/>         A Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,<br/>         And this shall be the sign:</p> <p>4 "The Heavn'ly Babe you there shall<br/>         find<br/>         To human view displayed,</p> | <p>All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,<br/>         And in a manger laid."</p> <p>5 Thus spake the Seraph, and forthwith<br/>         Appeared a shining throng<br/>         Of angels praising God, who thus<br/>         Addressed their joyful song:</p> <p>6 "All glory be to God on high,<br/>         And to the earth be peace;<br/>         Good-will henceforth, from heaven<br/>         to men,<br/>         Begin and never cease."</p> |
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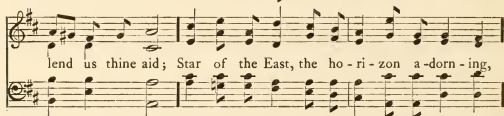
# Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning.

P. M.

J. W. A. CLUETT.



1, 5. Brightest and best of the sons of the morning, Dawn on our darkness, and



lend us thine aid; Star of the East, the ho - ri - zon a - dorn - ing,



Guide where our in - fant Re - deem - er . . is laid. A - MEN.

- 2 Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,  
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;  
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,  
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.
- 3 Shall we not yield Him, in costly devotion,  
 Odors of Edom, and offerings di-  
 vine,
- Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
 Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- Vainly we offer each ample oblation,  
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure;  
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,  
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

# As with Gladness Men of Old.

78.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. As with glad-ness men of old Did the guid-ing-star be-hold,  
As with joy they hailed its light, Lead-ing on-ward, beam-ing bright,  
So, most gracious Lord, may we Ev-er-more be led to Thee. A-MEN.

2 As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed,  
There to bend the knee before  
Him, Whom heaven and earth adore,  
So may we, with willing feet,  
Ever seek the mercy-seat.

3 As they offered gifts most rare,  
At that manger rude and bare,  
So may we, with holy joy,  
Pure, and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
Christ, to Thee, our heavenly King.

4 Holy Jesus, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way,  
And, when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last,  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.  
5 In the heavenly country bright  
Need they no created light;  
Thou its Light, its Joy, its Crown;  
Thou its Sun, which goes not down;  
There forever may we sing  
Alleluia to our King.

# Christmas Anthem.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Hark to the mu - sic ! so joy - ous - ly swell - ing,  
 2. Bright - est of days, O the star of thy morn - ing, The  
 3. Je - sus, our joy is yet min - gled with weep - ing, The

O'er the lone shep - herds of Beth - le - hem's plain;  
 church has been wait - ing for a - ges to greet;  
 hymn of the an - gels is not yet ful - fill'd.



# Christmas Anthem.

*ritard.*

Grand - ly it speak - eth, the strange sto - ry tell - ing, Death's  
Now while thy splen - dor her sky is a - dorn - ing, She  
Earth is still Ba - bel, her chil - dren are reap - ing Sad

*p ritard.*

em - pire is end - ed, Mes - si - ah doth reign.  
rise - es in beau - ty her bride - groom to meet.  
har - vests of car - nage, not peace or good - will.

# Christmas Anthem.

*Slowly.*

He has come, the long - wait - ed ; now sa - ges a -  
Church ! lay off thy sack - cloth, and gird on thy  
But we crown Thy blest birth - day with glad - ness and

The first system of the musical score is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It features a vocal line with lyrics, a piano accompaniment with chords, and a bass line with a simple melody. The lyrics are: "He has come, the long - wait - ed ; now sa - ges a - Church ! lay off thy sack - cloth, and gird on thy But we crown Thy blest birth - day with glad - ness and".

dore Him, And stars bend their or - bits to shine at His  
glo - ry, Be free from thy bond - age, give wings to thy  
sing - ing, For faith sees Thee com - ing thro' tem - pest and

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "dore Him, And stars bend their or - bits to shine at His glo - ry, Be free from thy bond - age, give wings to thy sing - ing, For faith sees Thee com - ing thro' tem - pest and".

# Christmas Anthem.

birth; He has come, the long - wait - ed; now sa - ges a -  
 fear; Church! lay off thy sack - cloth and gird on thy  
 storm; But we crown Thy blest birth - day with glad - ness and

*rit.*  
 dore Him, And stars bend their or - bits to shine at His birth.  
 glo - ry, Be free from thy bond-age, give wings to thy fear.  
 sing - ing, For faith sees Thee com - ing thro' tem - pest and storm.

# Christmas Anthem.

*f* *ff*

Shout the glad ti-dings of joy to all peo-ple, Hal-le-lu-jah, a-men,

*f* *ff*

*rit.* *fff*

Je-sus is born; Hal-le-lu-jah, a-men, Je-sus is born.

*fff*

## Bread of the World, in Mercy Broken.

P. M.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Bread of the world, in . . mer - cy bro - ken, Wine of the

soul, in mer - cy shed, . . By Whom the words of . . life were

spo - ken, And in Whose death our . . sins are dead; A-MEN.

- 2 Look on the heart by sorrow broken,  
Look on the tears by sinners shed;  
And be Thy feast to us the token  
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

## Come, Ye Disconsolate.

11. 10.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

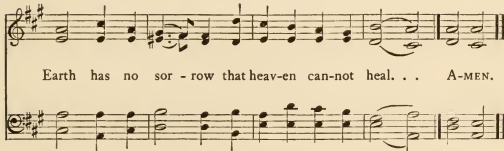
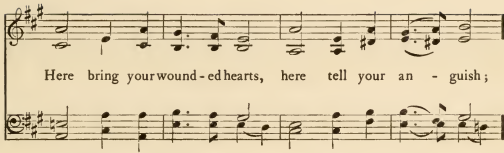
1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late, wher-e'er ye lan-guish;

Come to the mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;

Here bring your wound-ed hearts, here tell your an-guish;

Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.

## Come, Ye Disconsolate.



- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,  
“Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.”
- 3 Here see the Bread of life; see waters flowing  
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;  
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing  
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

# Come, Ye that Love the Lord.

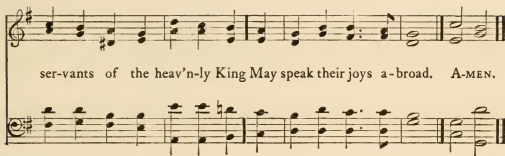
S. M.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And  
Come, ye that love, that love the Lord,  
let your joys be known, Join in a song with  
your joys be known,  
sweet ac-cord, While ye sur-round His throne. Let those re-fuse to  
sing Who nev - er knew our God, But



## Come, Ye that Love the Lord.



- 2 The God that rules on high,  
That all the earth surveys,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And calms the roaring seas;  
This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our Love;  
He will send down His heavenly powers,  
To carry us above.
- 3 The men of grace have found  
Glory begun below:  
Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
From faith and hope may grow;  
Let then our songs abound,  
And every tear be dry:  
We're marching through Immanuel's ground  
To fairer worlds on high.

# Christmas Carol.

D. C. M.

J. W. A. CLUETT.

SOPRANO.

1. It came up - on the mid-night clear, That glo - rious song of

old, From an - gels bend - ing near the earth To

*a little slower.*  
touch their harps of gold; Peace on the earth, good - will to men, From

# Christmas Carol.

heav'n's all-gracious King; The world in sol - emn

still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing. A - MEN.

*Ped.*

- 2 Still through the cloven skies they come, 3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,  
 With peaceful wings unfurled; Whose forms are bending low,  
 And still their heavenly music floats\* Who toil along the climbing way  
 O'er all the weary world: With painful steps and slow!  
 Above its sad and lonely plains Look now, for glad and golden hours  
 They bend on hovering wing, Come swiftly on the wing:  
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds Oh, rest beside the weary road,  
 The blessed angels sing. And hear the angels sing.
- 4 For lo, the days are hastening on,  
 By prophets seen of old,  
 When with the ever-circling years,  
 Shall come the time foretold,  
 When the new heaven and earth shall own  
 The Prince of Peace their King,  
 And the whole world send back the song  
 Which now the angels sing.



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